Lillie Pozer
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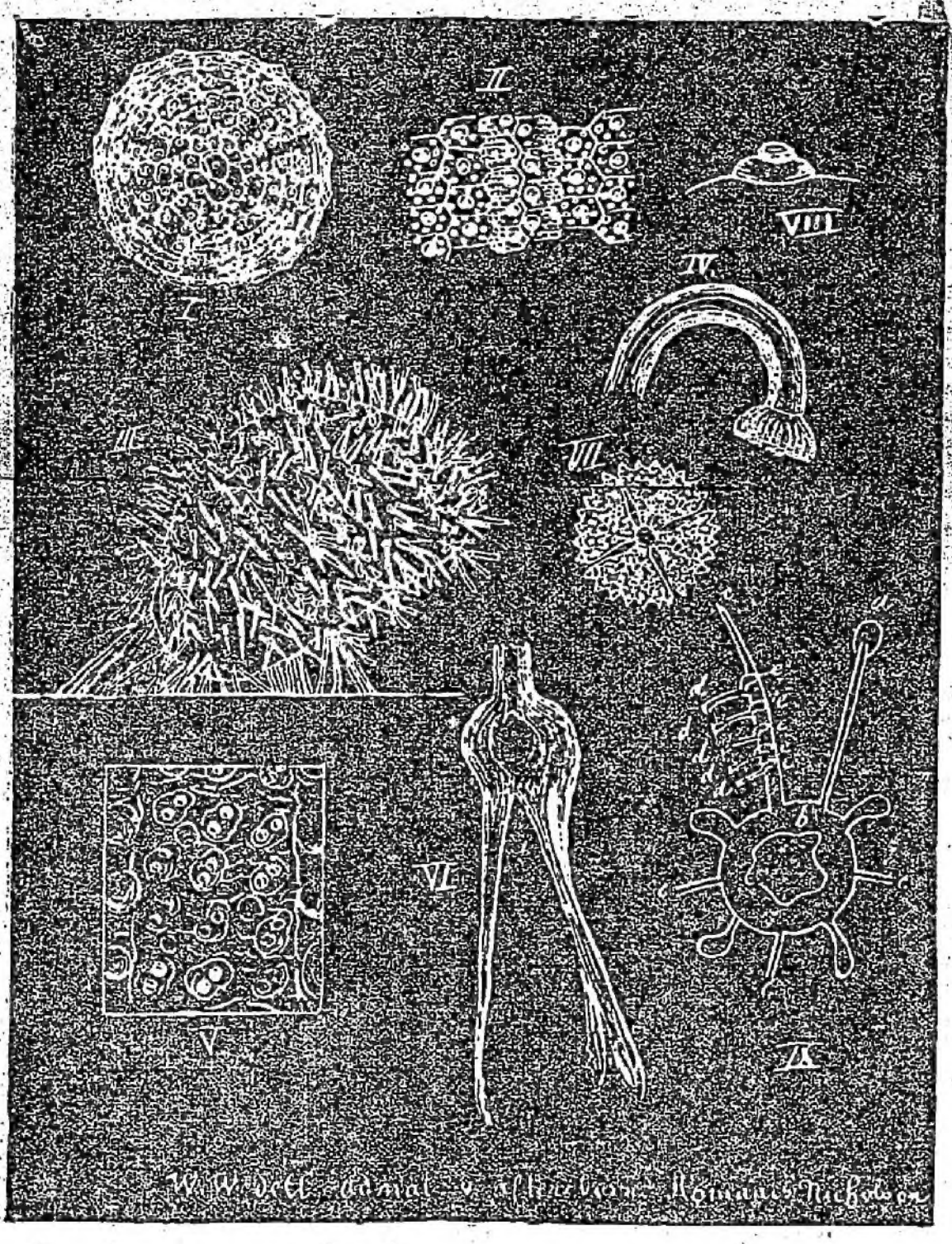
About 'Sea Eggs.'

(By the Rev. W. Williams, F.L.S., in 'The Spectator,' Australia.')

In the houses of people who are fond of seashells, seaweed, and such things, you will often see some objects of a dark bluish-grey color, shaped something like globes with flattened poles, covered all over with dots and rounded lumps, and perfectly hollow. If you ask what they are you will probably be told that they are 'sea-eggs.' Our 'chat' to-day shall be about these.



The name is about as wrong as it could be; they are not eggs at all. I suppose people called them so because of their shape, and the thinness of the shell, just as a seashell of a particular kind is known to some folks as 'poached egg,' because it is pure white and egg-shaped. These 'sea-eggs' are simply the box or shell in which lives a curious animal, called by scientific men 'echinus' (pronounced e-ki-nus), of which the common English name is 'sea-urchin.' You may often pick it up on the seashore, but unless you know something about it you will probably say that you have never seen one there. The living echinus is covered all over with spines, or prickles, and it is not till these are taken off that you get any idea that it is what people call a 'sea-egg.' Then the shell during life is covered with a layer of flesh, which further disguises it. But when they die this flesh decays, and the spines get rubbed off; the contents of the shell also decay, and then the shell only is left, and it is these dead, empty shells that are picked up as 'eggs,' and preserved as curiosities from the seashore.

The shell itself, like most other shells of sea animals, is made of carbonate of lime. It is the same material as that used by ordinary shell-fish, in forming their shells, and sea-water contains a great quantity of it. The shell is not pure carbonate of lime, but contains both animal matter and the carbonate, though the material of the shell is mostly lime. When the animal matter is removed we find that the lime is deposited in a very curious manner, so that an expert observer can tell from a small fragment of the lime skeleton whether or not it was once part of an animal similar to the echinus.

Though the shells usually seen are of a dark grey or slate-like color, yet all are not. I have before me as I write two specimens (the larger of which covers a space of seventeen square inches), which are pure white, looking like carved ivory, and the 'nipples,' or 'buttons,' of which we shall presently hear, are most beautifully smooth and highly polished. But whatever the size or color of the shell, the animals are formed on the same plan, and a description of one will serve for the whole.

The formation of the shell is best seen in young specimens, because in full age the mixed animal and mineral matter becomes so thick that the formation cannot be easily made out. Fig. 1 in the block, is a sketch of a young shell on the under side. You may see there that the shell is composed of a number of plates, the edges of which form a waved line of 'vandyke,' or triangular pattern. Fig. 2, shows a part more highly magnified. Notice first the general arrangement of the plates; how the point of one fits into the valley between the points of those in the next row. Notice, too, the double circles, one inside the other, on the plates, standing in even rows. Then see how in the middle of the figure the plates have one end cut into fingers, and that these are covered with dots. All these markings have value to the animal which lives in the shell. In some kinds of echini (plural of echinus) the plates are not fastened together solidly where they overlap, but give a little at each joint, so that the shell can be bent, though it never bends much. Sometimes where the plates overlap one has a little rounded button upon it, and the other a little hollow into which the button fits, and these are called 'dowelled' shells.

Now, to explain the double circles. If you look at Fig. 3, you will see an echinus as it appears when alive and at work, only that there are a great many more objects on the shell than I have drawn, for I want to make these things as clear as I can, and too many lines would confuse you. There you will see a number of sharp prickly points shown, all over the surface of the shell. These are called 'spines,' and they are formed in a curious way. Do you know what the shape of a cone is? Take a newspaper, and cut a large triangle out of it, then bend this round until two edges meet, and that will be a cone. It is shaped much like the 'screw' of paper which the grocer twists up to hold lollies when you buy them. Fancy several of these cones or screws of paper, put one over the other, so that they fit, with the small end of one on the large end of the other, and you will see how the spine of an echinus is built up. I have just been looking at one through a microscope, and find that it is made of five such cones. They are not solid, but very spongy and light.

The bottom of the spine is hollowed into a cup, smooth and polished. Why is this? Fig. 8, is a sketch of one of those double circles, looked at sideways. You see it is a little hill, with rounded sides, carrying a 'nipple,' or 'button.' I think we will call it a button. The little hill carrying the button is called the 'boss,' and is not particularly smooth in the specimen before me

just now, but the button is like polished ivory, so smooth and white and glossy is it. The cup at the bottom of the spine fits exactly over this button, and so it can move in any direction, and even in a circle, if desired. You will see that a round cup fitting on a round button will move in every possible direction. Wherever you see in the drawings the double circle, you will know that means a boss and button, and that a spine was seated on it during the life of the animal. By means of these spines he is able to help himself along, by pushing them against the ground under the sea.

Looking again at Fig. 2, you may notice the dots on the finger-like ends of the plates. These are the 'pores,' which are shown very much larger in Fig. 5. They are holes clear through the shell, and are often arranged in pairs, as there seen. Through these the animal puts out its feet when it wishes to walk. Notice this particularly, for, except echini and star-fishes, I do not know of any class of animals which have feet worked in this way. These rows of holes go round the shell, from the opening at the top to the opening at the bottom, that is from pole to pole, like the meridians of longitude which you see on a globe, or on the map of the world.

Now, look at Fig. 9. You will see that it consists of an irregular ring (b), with tubes and bladders opening from it. The bladders we will not talk about, but the tubes we must understand. This ring lies in the body of the echinus like a circular bag. The tube (a), opens outside the shell, and has at the end a pierced plate like the 'rose' of a watering-pot, or a shower-bath. Water is drawn in from the sea in which it lives, through this plate, and of course it is strained through those tiny holes as it is drawn in, so that nothing solid or dangerous to life can enter. The water so drawn in fills the tubes (c), of which there is one lying behind each row of holes or 'pores,' already mentioned. But why are these tubes filled with water? If you look at the tube which is fully drawn at the top of the figure (*for of* course the others are only partly shown), you will see that springing from the side of it there are other tubes with flat ends and little bladders at their base. These are the 'feet,' of the echinus which he pokes out through the 'pores' and fills with water; this stretches them out and makes them stiff and strong. When he wishes to draw them back he makes the water run out of the tube into the bladder at the foot, then the tubes are limp and can easily be pulled back. You see now why the echinus must draw in sea water through the plate and tube (a), and why the little bags are put at the base of the feet.

This is not all. Look at Fig. 4; that is the end of a foot more highly magnified. We see that every foot has a sucker, which takes hold of anything to which it may be applied, and gives a good tight grip. At the very end of the foot there is a plate, like Fig. 7, made of carbonate of lime, of a very glassy appearance, which helps in the working of the sucker. In Fig. 3, you may see these feet clearly. On the side of the shell there are rows of feet, out of which the water has passed into the bladders at their foot, and they are small, but under the end of the shell, resting on the straight line, the feet are full of water, and, therefore, are long and strong. This shows how an echinus turns himself over when placed on his back. We will suppose that he is lying on a piece of glass. He puts out his feet till he touches the glass with some of them, then he makes the suckers act, and pulls hard; this lifts him a tiny bit, which enables more feet to touch the glass. The suckers on these also take hold, and he pulls again, and so raises himself bit by bit, till he is quite on end, and then he puts out more feet to ease himself down, moving very gradually, till at last the shell lies flat; when he rests and is content. He then draws the water back out of the feet into the bladders, the feet curl up, small and limp, until he fills them out of the bladders again for further use. I think you will understand this if you read carefully and refer to the drawings. You see in how many different ways God can design animals for moving, and he thinks it worth his while to invent all these ways, both curious and beautiful.

One of the most mysterious things about these sea-urchins is shown at Fig. 6. These are found on the shell, seated on a stalk of which a little bit is left at the top of the figure. We will call them 'snappers,' as the proper name 'pedicellariae,' is too long and difficult. Of these snappers there are four kinds, but they all have jaws which are constantly opening and closing, snapping, in fact. The jaws drawn here are the largest kind; they are about one-twentieth of an inch long; but the stalk and jaws together make up a length of about one-eighth of an inch. The question is, what are they for? and this is not easy to say. The only use they have been known to make of them, so far as I know, is to help the animal to climb up seaweeds, when they were used like hands, with which to hold on to branches of the seaweed. They have been watched in doing this, so that we know that is one use of them. What other uses they have is a matter of guesswork. I will close with a sentence written by Professor Forbes: 'Truly the skill of the great Architect of Nature is not less displayed in the construction of a sea-urchin than in the building up of a world.'

The Lost Deed.

A writer in 'Thy Healer,' relates an instance of providential guidance as related by the late W. C. Boardman. He said while he was in California, travelling and visiting on behalf of a Sunday-school mission, he became acquainted with some friends who, through the death of a relative, had become heirs to a very large property, but through the absence of some important deed or document, there appeared the probability of the whole going to another party, who were in no wise worthy, and who had no rightful claim. They had sought for this document, or whatever it was, most diligently, but without success. The friends pressed him to undertake the matter and make search for them. He complied with their request, and leaving California, went to New Orleans, where the missing deed was supposed to be. He said:

'For a fortnight I made inquiries and search in every direction, but without the least satisfactory result. As I was retiring to rest one night, with this heavy care upon my mind, I thought: "Why, how foolish I have been! had it been any other matter I should have taken it to the Lord and given it over to him." I knelt down at once and committed the whole matter into the Lord's hands; and that night, whether by a vision or a dream, I know not, but I was told to go to a certain house in a certain street. I rose up early in the morning and proceeded to the place, and upon inquiry I found that the person I was seeking had lived and died there, and had left behind a box of papers, which they were quite ready to hand over to me. Upon searching through the papers I found the deed which established the right of the friends in whose interest I was laboring, and thus again was my faith confirmed in a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. The friends recovered the property, about which at one time there seemed so much difficulty and doubt.'

The Story of a Tract.

At the Religious Tract Society's Missionary breakfast the Rev. Robert Spurgeon told the story of a tract. It was given away in Bengal in 1840, and carried by a villager twenty-five miles away. He happened to be a sort of religious leader in his village, so he called his disciples round him, and they studied the tract together. Its name is forgotten, but it was about the raising of Jairus's daughter, and as there was a woman in the village who was very ill, the simple villagers decided to ask Jesus to heal her. He honored their faith, and they gave up idols and became believers in him. By degrees, in visiting the towns, they obtained a few other tracts, which they bound together, and studied. They had no bible, no teacher, no missionary, but they loved and served Jesus, and they evolved a little creed from their tracts —very brief, but very comprehensive:—

'Speak the truth!
Come with us;
Cling to the Master.'

So five years went by, and then the leader and seven others went to find a missionary, and ask for further teaching. It was given, and they went back baptized believers, with a bible to read. Then twenty-one others went to the missionary, asking for baptism, and the missionary felt that God called him to go where the tract had opened the way. A Christian church was built, a hundred and fifty people were found ready for baptism, and to-day in that district, there are seven thousand Christians, Christian communities in sixty-four villages, and the missionary's annual visit is the great festival of the year. —'Sunday-school Times.'

Compensations.

God takes away the snowdrops
To send the daffodils;
He lets the violets wither,
But their place he quickly fills.

When May is nearly over,
Shines out the golden broom;
How we should miss the cowslips
If the roses did not bloom.

When breezy hills no longer,
Are carpeted with thyme,
Blue harebells, purple knapweed,
And heath are in their prime.

They fade—and by the brooklet
We see the meadow-sweet,
With water-loving loosestrife,
And pale valerian meet.

And when September blossoms,
Are few and far between,
God lets the scarlet berries,
And purple fruits be seen.

Not only in the lesser,
But in the greater, too,
He takes away the old things,
To give us something new.

Thy summer nearly over,
Have neither care nor fear,
Thy God can make the autumn,
The glory of thy year!

—Edith Ellen Trustead, in 'The Christian Guardian.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

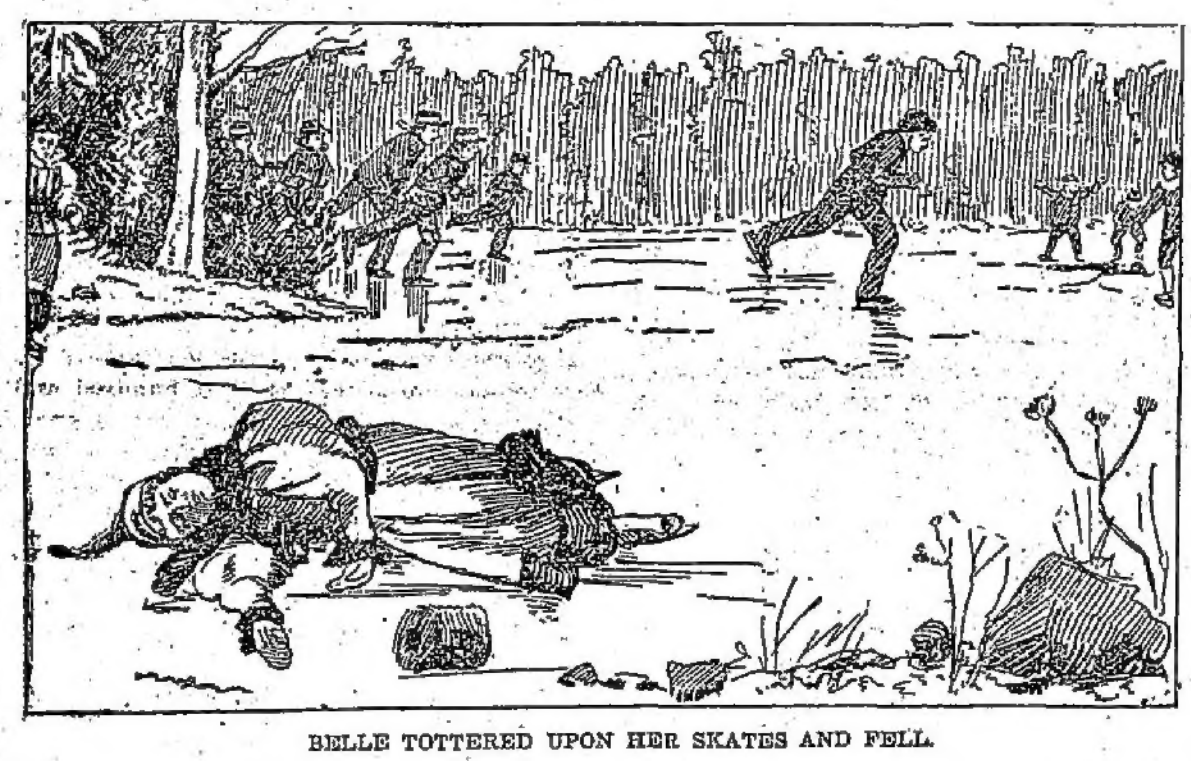
'Half a League Thompson.'

(By Emma Huntington Nason.)

'I'm just as indignant as I can be,' exclaimed the pretty and vivacious Belle Atwood, as she stood at the entrance of the recitation room, where a group of schoolgirls had gathered, in evident admiration, around their acknowledged leader.

'It's perfectly hateful in "Half a League Thompson" not to give us the holiday when we wrote that very humble and respectful petition. I don't think it would injure him, nor the trustees, nor us either if we should lose our Latin and French recitations for one afternoon; and by Saturday there'll be a thaw and the skating all spoiled, just as like as not. Besides the Elmwood cadets are coming down to skate in the cove this afternoon. I believe that's the very reason "Half a League" won't let us go. I should like to see him on the ice,' and Belle's merry laugh was re-echoed by her admiring schoolmates.

'Anyway,' continued Belle, '"Half a League Thompson" will find out that he would better let us have our own way once in a while if he doesn't wish to be obliged to unexpectedly resign, after the example of his illustrious predecessor.'



BELLE TOTTERED UPON HER SKATES AND FELL.

'Hush! he's coming,' exclaimed little Mary Burton, as a tall, angular, awkward young man, with very light hair, and very large feet, appeared at the opposite doorway and walked down the hallway with the long, swinging stride which had suggested to Belle's fun-loving mind the apt soubriquet of "Half a League Thompson." This name instantly appealed to the fancy of the boys and girls, and from the first day of his appearance in school the new teacher was known among the pupils by this euphonious appellation.

'I believe he heard every word you said,' whispered Edith Evans, as, with a flush upon his cheeks, but with a pleasant word and smile, the young man passed the group of girls and entered the school-room.

'I don't care,' said Belle, 'I hope he did. He needn't set himself up for a propriety stick to measure off rules for us.'

That afternoon was indeed a trying one to the new teacher, who had entered upon his duties at the Plainfield Academy at an inauspicious time, since his inefficient predecessor, as Belle had intimated, proved himself unable to govern the school, which he left with a sense of ignominious defeat in the middle of the winter term. The school was, therefore in a disorganized condition, but the new master had thus far been found equal to the situation. He was now especially pained that one of the brightest and most scholarly girls in school should disclose a very mischievous and rebellious disposition. Although young himself and with but a short experience in teaching he could readily see that Belle was not deliberately malicious. Like many other brilliant and impulsive school-girls, she had been unwisely praised for her wit, which was often sarcasm; while at the same time she had flattered herself with the conscious power of leadership until she was often tempted to venture beyond the bounds which her own good taste and better judgment should have prescribed.

The other pupils, catching Belle's spirit, joined in the undercurrent of mischief; but for some reason which even the brightest or most astute of the boys and girls failed to understand, they were not able to bring about any unpleasant encounter in the school room. Nevertheless, while the new teacher thus 'held the balance of power,' there was an uncomfortable atmosphere of constraint of which all were conscious, and which, by the last day of the school week, had become quite painful. The Saturday holiday dawned cold and clear, and the little river which broadened at Plainfield and indented the shore with a deep, sweeping curve, was crowded with a merry throng.

The boys and girls were all keenly enjoying the exhilarating exercise when their attention was suddenly called to a familiar figure approaching from the shore.

'"Half a League Thompson,"' exclaimed Edith Evans, who was skating beside Belle.

The new teacher clambered down the bank and fastened on his feet a pair of old-fashioned skates, with leather straps, and screws in the heels.

'Graceful, isn't he?' said Edith, as the new comer struck out awkwardly with his right foot, dragging the left after it according to the hopeless fashion of a beginner in the art.

The approaching skater lifted his hat, and at the same time made a frantic effort to maintain his equilibrium.

Some of the older boys at once gathered around with generous offers of assistance and valuable bits of advice; and, after a while Half a League Thompson' appeared a little more confident and more secure upon his feet.

Just at this time also the attention of the boys and girls was diverted from him to a company of neatly uniformed cadets from the military school in the neighboring town, and who, for some unknown reason, had changed their plans and fixed upon this morning for their visit to the Plainfield shores.

Seeing the Academy students in possession of the field, however, they did not at once intrude, but skated up and down the river's middle course.

Suddenly Belle exclaimed: 'Look! look at "Half a League." He is actually going out there.'

In truth, the subject of this disparaging remark was apparently struggling to make his way out toward the ridge of broken ice.

'He'll pitch head foremost,' cried one of the boys in genuine alarm; and the laugh that went up when "Half a League Thompson" suddenly sat down flat on the ice was not entirely devoid of sympathy.

But lo! as the tall, ungainly youth rose from the disgraceful fall, and while the eyes of both parties were fixed upon him, he suddenly struck out with flashing speed, cleared the ridge of broken ice with a flying leap, and to the amazement of the beholders, landed firmly on his feet on the smooth plain beyond, where he circled in and out among the cadets, executing the most astonishing movements and dizzying gyrations, which grew more and more intricate, until the entire throng stood to watch the accomplished skater, as he cut the most ingenious devices with his sharp skate-blades in the smooth surface of the ice.

Cheer after cheer rang from the lips of the enthusiastic Elmwood cadets; while the Plainfield boys and girls stood looking on with bewilderment pictured in their faces.

Suddenly a shriek rent the air.

'It's Bell's little brother, Charlie,' was the cry. 'Quick! quick! He's skated into a hole.'

A dozen swift skaters started for the spot where Charlie's red cap had just disappeared through an opening in the ice. 'Don't scream, Belle! don't faint!' cried Edith, 'He won't drown. They're all after him. They will get him.'

With an almost superhuman effort the girl tore herself from the grasp of her mates, and steadying herself a moment on her feet, she skated feebly down the river.

But there were others that were before her; and far ahead, outstripping all the rest, was the awkward figure which she had so lately held in supreme derision.

Swift as an arrow in its course sped the skater to the spot where two or three small boys were jumping aimlessly up and down, screaming and gesticulating, but not daring to approach the treacherous opening.

The figures of the skaters whirled like black specks before Belle's eyes. She staggered and fell upon the ice.

When she came to consciousness the cry, 'He's saved! saved!' was ringing in her ears.

Still she was mute and powerless, even when the master, with the dripping boy in his arms, sped by, followed by an excited and admiring throng.

'What's his name?' hastily demanded one of the blue-coated, shoulder-strapped cadets, as they passed the group of girls.

'"Half a League Thompson,"' replied Edith, from sheer force of habit.

'"Half a League Thompson!" I should say so. But—beg pardon,' added the impetuous youth, observing for the first time, Belle's pallid face. 'Is anything the matter? Can I assist the young lady to the shore?'

'No, thanks. I'm quite well,' replied Belle.

On dashed the blue-coated young officer;

and two minutes later, when the rescuer and rescued stood safely on the shore, a deafening shout arose; and the Elmwood cadets, following their leader, gave 'three rousing cheers for "Half a League Thompson,"' in which the Plainfield boys and girls wildly and vigorously joined.

On the following Monday morning Belle Atwood, again accompanied by her schoolmates, presented herself at the teacher's desk in the schoolroom. 'Mr. Thompson,' she said, falteringly, 'I have already tried to thank you for—what you did on Saturday; but that we, *none of us* can ever do. Now, I want to say—and I want the girls to hear me say—how sorry I am that I have caused you so much annoyance; I can never express my regret, but I will try to prove my repentance.'

The manly young teacher could not resist this frank avowal. Still there was a faint twinkle in his eyes while he said quite earnestly, 'I have been sure that if we could all only learn to know and understand one another before any case of discipline arose, we might honorably avert all trouble, and hope to be, and to remain, the best of friends and fellow-workers.'

'There will be no more cases of discipline in this school,' declared Belle, 'so long as'—

'So long as "Half a League Thompson" is master?' inquired the teacher with a smile.

'That is what I mean,' replied Belle. —'Forward.'

A College Girl.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

The last thing it could possibly hold was packed into Gertrude's trunk, and father was called in to strap and label it, that it might be ready for the expressman. Gertrude herself, in a trim travelling-gown, with a jaunty hat pearched on her shining braids, stood by the window, looking out over the familiar garden and the stretch of the road which lay between Mount Airy and the station. All the good-byes except the home good-byes had been said; the last of the dear girls had been in an hour ago, and had left a parcel for Gertrude to open on the train, but everybody felt that the final parting must not be intruded upon; that her parents had the right to say their farewell words with no one looking on. To tell the truth, Gertrude saw very little as she looked out over the lily-beds, for her eyes were full of tears. She had never been a single night away from home in her eighteen years of life, and here she was going away to college, to be gone for eight whole months. The journey was too long and too expensive to warrant her return for the shorter vacation and holiday breaks which interrupted study during the year for some of the girls. She was saying good-bye to her father and mother and home until summer.

'There is Card!' Mr. Elmore spoke cheerily to hide the tug at his heart. Card, the village expressman, came lumbering in, Mr. Elmore helped him carry the big trunk down-stairs, and Gertrude, not trying to stop her sobs, flung herself for a parting hug and cry into her mother's arms.

'Oh, mother! mother! I wish I could stay with you,' she said.

'No, dearie, you don't really wish that,' answered the mother, bravely. 'You couldn't stay with me and go to college too, and we made up our mind that college was the next step for you, my own girlie. Don't be sorrowful, darling! The months will slip away before we know it, and you'll be back, and I'll manage somehow without my right hand! We can always do what it is right to do, Gertie. But, my love, remember that in going away to college you carry home with you. Home is never going to leave you for a single day, and you are to keep home's candle burning brightly.'

Mrs. Elmore's courage, and her smiling face made the parting easy after all. It was only when Gertrude, miles away, was recovering her spirits, with the elasticity of youth, and taking note of the interesting scenes en route, that 'mother' had her little cry and plaintive moan in the silence of her chamber. This mother had the habit of entering her closet and shutting the door, and telling her Saviour all her worries and trials, thence coming forth with a light of heaven's peace on her countenance. She needed to be very tranquil just now, for Gertrude's first flight from the nest made the home very lonely, and Mr. Elmore wandered about as if he were terribly desolate and bereft in his darling's absence.

Gertrude's home was on a slope of the Blue Ridge, and she was going to a New England college. She arrived at her destination late on the afternoon of the second day from home, having passed one night with cousins in New York. A crowd of girls were at the little station in the hills, and she found herself one of a number of expected arrivals, somewhat lonelier that there was nobody there to whom she was not an entire stranger.

But when the motherly woman who presided over the family in the Ellis House, greeted her in the fashion which makes one feel that one is a dear daughter, and when she was shown her own dainty room, plainly but comfortably furnished, Gertrude felt that she could presently be happy, even if she must be homesick in this new chapter of existence.

Gertrude found herself one of a world of girls, all sorts of girls, some from Christian households, like the one in which she had been reared, some from homes of refinement and culture where God was never thought of as an authority for conduct, some from one style, and some from another style of training and environment.

She had her little chamber to herself, but she shared a small sitting-room with three others, and it came to pass, quite naturally, that these three were her most intimate associates. Among these, Amy Goodwin, slight, petite, charming, attracted her most, with her crisp Western accent, and her air of resolution. Amy was ambitious for a career, and had elected to become a journalist. Clara Rich was a soft-voiced girl, from Middle Georgia; she, too, expected to work for her living when her college days should be ended, and she meant to be a professor of biology. Laura Dean, a gentle Philadelphian, had nothing to say about the future, but seemed satisfied to fill each day to the brim with each day's duties,.

Gertrude enjoyed the society of these bright young people of her own age, and wrote to her mother a long confidential letter just how they all impressed her. As she wrote, it was on a Saturday night, and was the finishing up of her week, Amy came in, asking her into the parlor, where there was to be some very delightful music.

'I cannot, dear. I am sorry, but I must end up my week, and I still have several things to do.'

'End up your week! Why, what can you mean? You may as well leave your letter and finish it to-morrow afternoon; no mail leaves until Monday, Gertrude. And if you have buttons to sew on, or mending to do there'll be time enough in the morning before church, that is, if you go to church. I seldom go myself; I take my Sundays for rest.'

Gertrude paused before speaking, as if to hear her mother's sweet voice. Clear and sweet that voice sounded across the miles between them, and the daughter's inward ear caught the tender accents.

'You carry home with you, my dear; keep home's candle brightly burning.'

'Amy, dear,' she said, bravely, for it requires bravery to assert one's self in the face of a soft, flower-like person who speaks to you affectionately and is evidently intending you only kindness, and whose standards are different from yours,—'My way of resting on Sundays is to always go to church, and I never leave anything secular for Sabbath hours. If my glove is ripped, or my shoe has lost buttons, I wear it as it is until Monday, if my own thoughtlessness caused me to forget it on Saturday. I have been brought up to keep the Lord's Day as a very precious and sacred thing, so, though I'm sorry,' she added brightly, 'I'll forego the concert and finish my letter to mamma.'

'You are a little Puritan,' said Amy, smiling indulgently, 'but I prophesy that you'll surely get over some things here in college.'

But that was precisely what Gertrude did not do. Whenever one quietly and unobtrusively sets forward on a straight line, and keeps to the line, it is wonderful to see how everything adjusts itself, how everybody either gets out of the way, or else falls into the ranks and follows, or walks side by side with the first pilgrim. So roads are made, first a footpath, then a wider highway, then a right of way.

Gertrude encountered no special opposition, she met with no rudeness, she was in no sense a martyr, though for a Sunday or two, the girls around her smiled when they saw her, regardless of weather, set out for church; and noticed that she had taken a class in the Sunday-school. Still, it was not long before she discovered that she was only one of many in the great college, who, like herself, were keeping home-candles burning for Jesus. The effect was most marked on the trio with whom she was connected by the closest association. One by one they came up to her standard of Sabbath-keeping, and when, one white winter's day, it was too stormy for anyone to dare the thick snow-blockade, and there were little prayer-meetings in different rooms, blessed little meetings where sweet young voices were lifted in testimony and where prayers went reverently up to heaven, it was Amy who modestly but firmly declared her purpose, thenceforth to be a pronounced and earnest Christian.

So, it was worth while to be fearless and consistent. It is always worth while to let one's light shine.—'Wellspring.'

At Sea.

(By Anna Frances Burnham.)

I watch the seagull's circling wing,
And love the wild, lone-wandering thing,
That on the lovely, maned crest,
Of billows seeks his only rest,

I watch the porpoise at his play,
Quick-glancing in the sun's bright ray,
And feel an instant, answering thrill,
Of joy my own glad spirit fill.

But where the dim horizon dips,
I catch the shine of passing ships,
And swift my heart goes up to him,
Who fashioned the horizon's brim.

In all the great wide sea is naught
To touch the heart or stir the thought,
Like that white vessel, far from land,
Held in the hollow of his hand.

—'Wellspring.'

The Rival Societies.

(By Frances Bent Dillingham, in 'The Congregationalist.')

I had been warned when admitted under Miss Lyddy Seaton's hospitable roof for summer board that I must esteem it a great favor. When seated at her irreproachable tea-table, in her appallingly neat room, opposite her slightly aggrieved and wholly severe face, I became as a menial intruder into the domain of a princess, burdened with a futile desire to propitiate her ungracious highness.

She remained correct, implacable, and unapproachable, nevertheless, when I timidly offered to accompany her to church the following Sunday. I trailed modestly along in her rustling wake to the front pew, where I studied her determined profile and bristling bonnet with furtive eyes in the intervals of the service. The young minister had no sooner begun his discourse than I had a kindly, kindred feeling for him; he, too, was endeavoring to propitiate Miss Lyddy and he, too, was unsuccessful. I decided to stay to Sunday-school and my hostess condescended to introduce me to a motherly body who gave me the cue to the minister's anxiety in an incredibly short space of time.

'It's real hard for him, poor fellow,' she whispered. 'You see, Miss Lyddy,' I was amazed and shocked at this familiar appellation, which I soon found was not only common, but eminently proper—'and several other of the prominent members of the church didn't want the last minister to go, and they won't help this one a mite. He's got a wife and two children, and not half enough salary because they're so mean'—here her voice was lowered as a pale little woman appeared.

'This is Mrs. Campbell, our minister's wife, Miss Wallace.'

I walked home with the minister's wife and fell in love with her appealing blue eyes and sweet, apologetic smile, and when I walked into my spick and span room at Miss Lyddy's my inferiority to her had vanished; for the dear little minister's wife had ventured to tell me a few of her perplexities, and had ended with: 'If only Miss Liddy and her friends, Mrs. Deacon Blaisdell, and Mrs. Lydon, and some others would help along. It wasn't our fault that they wanted to keep the old minister, and we do need everybody that is in our church.'

As the days went by little Mrs. Campbell and I grew to be fast friends. She came to me with her difficulties and I gave her my honest sympathy, which was all that was asked. Not that she ever complained of what to my selfish soul seemed her heaviest troubles—the wearying care of two babies, the burden of her housework, the insufficient salary — but the coldness of her husband's church was her real sorrow.

Once, with the courage of a worthy cause, I determined to speak my mind to Miss Lyddy.

'How much do you pay your minister?' I demanded, fiercely.

Miss Lyddy stared at me a moment, then responded quite as vehemently, 'It's a shameful little.' And I lost the thread of the rest of the argument.

One day the minister's wife came to my room. 'I want to talk with you,' she said.

I smiled encouragingly.

'My husband and I have been praying over the church and it has come to us that the matter is the members are all thinking too much about themselves.'

'Perhaps that is it,' I assented, blindly.

'It came to me that we might arouse interest by having a foreign missionary society, and I thought perhaps you would help start it. You're interested in missionary work; aren't you?'

'Why, yes,' I responded, 'I am—at home.'

'Why couldn't you start it?'

I hesitated. 'But, Mrs. Campbell, I don't see how it can do the Hopkinsville church any good?'

'O, I'm sure it will,' the little woman said, eagerly. 'We had one in my home church and it gave an interest to all the work. Then you can help us so nicely, and perhaps Miss Lyddy will be interested.'

'O no, I have no influence with Miss Lyddy,' I asserted, honestly. 'Then, pardon me, Mrs. Campbell, ought we to raise money for the heathen when your own church needs it so much? Really, they ought to pay the minister a larger salary.'

A soft pink flush spread over the pale face. 'I know it,' she said, gently. 'But, my dear, I can't bear to think that we're just having a church to support itself, and not doing anything for Christ's world.'

She looked at me so beseechingly that I surrendered unconditionally, 'I will do what I can, Mrs. Campbell.'

Saturday night I said to Miss Lyddy, 'Should you object if we had a meeting of the ladies at this house to see about forming a Foreign Missionary Society?'

Miss Lyddy put down her cup and glared at me across the table. 'A Foreign Missionary Society,' she echoed in a voice faint with surprise. 'I—O, yes, you can have it here, but I shan't come.'

'We should be happy to see you, Miss Lyddy,' I said calmly.

I think our meeting was a success, for Mrs. Campbell's face shone with pleasure as she shook hands with the new president, Mrs. Rober, and the five ladies present, already the hardest working members of the church, told each other many times how delighted they were with this new opportunity. Miss Lyddy's absence was no blight upon the meeting except as my prophetic soul realized certain remarks might be made by my landlady to which it would be my duty as a foreign missionary worker to reply. It was when we were seated in the parlor after tea that Miss Lyddy began in what was, for her, an avalanche of words.

'I call it a downright shame and a ridiculous proceeding to start a Foreign Missionary Society when the minister and his wife of your own church haven't got enough to live on, and the parsonage roof leaks like a sieve and the furnace smokes like a locomotive. Raise money for your own needs, say I, and don't let your minister's family starve or die of pneumonia, nor your church people have the asthma. The idea of sending money to the Hottentots and Fakirs and Chinamen and Japanmen and Hindians'—Miss Lyddy was getting a trifle mixed—'and let folks of your own blood and nation starve! Why didn't you start a Home Missionary Society and bring in the people that ought to belong to the church and help out? I declare it makes me so mad if I don't believe I'll start a Home Missionary Society myself'—

'Why don't you, Miss Lyddy?' I interrupted, calmly, as Miss Lyddy paused with a very red face.

She looked at me as if I myself were one of the heathen, but I went on: 'I should think any one might start a splendid Home Missionary Society here. I am sure the minister's wife needs the money badly enough.'

Miss Lyddy sat bolt upright, and turning her head away from me fixed her gaze upon the mantel-shelf. Feeling that I had said all that was wise, I left her in strained contemplation.

And behold, with this motive, not wholly noble, perhaps, did Miss Lyddy begin her Home Missionary Society. From Mrs. Rober's confidences I learned that in some mysterious method she had inveigled or angered into it most of the recreant church members. Consequently the two elements of the church were arrayed against each other — the seven ladies who belonged to the Foreign Missionary Society and the four ladies of the Home Missionary Circle—small numbers but potent in Hopkinsville church.

Before the hostility of this new faction should increase in quantity or quality the Foreign Missionary Society took a decided step. It issued cards of invitation to a function called an 'At Home,' for curiosity's sake, since Mrs. Rober informed me that they had never had an affair which went by that name in the village. I scarcely expected Miss Lyddy's following would come, and the ladies assembled on Mrs. Rober's beautiful lawn exchanging doubts as to whether they would have guests to entertain, but the event in any case would not be without reward, since the notice of it had already added to the numbers of the Foreign Missionary Society. But at precisely the hour of the invitation Miss Lyddy rustled up the driveway in her best black silk, and one by one her society arrived soon after and we welcomed all cordially.

We had departed from the regulation 'At Home' by providing a programme for the instruction as well as amusement of our guests. But first Mrs. Rober asked that we might hear a few words from our sister society, and Miss Lyddy rose with burning cheeks and an expression on her face that betokened her honest purpose to speak her mind.

'P'r'aps I'd better not say anything,' she commenced, yet went on. 'For my part, I don't believe in running off to foreign countries and leaving our families crying at home. I think if we'll take right hold here and help we'll be better off than if we try to reach out and save the heathen and let our own church go to wrack and ruin.' She sat down with hard emphasis, and not one seemed to see the humor of Miss Lyddy defending the church she had so long neglected. Some looked troubled, some pleased, at her stirring address.

Mrs. Rober was equal to the occasion, she bowed and said, 'We are glad to hear from our Home Missionary Society,' and announced the next number on the programme.

We flattered ourselves we had prepared a programme not too aggressive, but interesting and informing on the question of foreign missions; and, watching the faces of our home missionary members I thought they did not dislike it. At the end Mrs. Rober again arose.

'I have been told,' she said, 'that the Home Missionary Society has started a subscription to certain church expenses, and I move that it be circulated right here, and all the members of the Foreign Missionary Society that want to, and I guess they all do, can put down their names.'

The kind Providence that had brought Miss Lyddy so far brought the paper in her pocket, and it was passed about. It was already headed by Miss Lyddy's name opposite a generous sum, and enriched by the whole Home Missionary Society displaying equal liberality. I was proud to see each of our ladies put down her name in noble emulation until there was subscribed a generous addition to the minister's salary.

'It's all for you,' a woman whispered to Mrs. Campbell, as the paper was passed by her. 'They've got quite a good deal for your husband.'

The minister's wife looked dazed for a moment; then she rose to her feet, 'Please, Mrs. President, may I speak?' she asked, in her gentle voice. 'I didn't understand what you

ladies were *doing*'—she paused. 'I didn't know it was for me.' She stretched her thin white hands towards Miss Lyddy, sitting erect among her colleagues. 'How good of you! How can I thank you! We do need it so much!' The tears were on her cheeks now, but she smiled over them. 'And to think, dear friends, that we're not going to have money just for ourselves, but are going to give it to others. I am so glad that this church may be happy itself and help the world the dear Christ loved so well,' and she sat down with a radiant, quivering smile.

Mrs. Rober was trying to choke down her tears to speak when another anticipated her. 'I'm much obliged to you ladies, for puttin' your names down on our list, and we'll put our names on yours when you pass it round.' Miss Lyddy's voice sounded clear, and concise. There was a pause now, but she did not sit down. 'I thought—if the ladies liked—I might suggest—that we unite the two societies and work together and—help everybody everywhere — the foreign sinners and the sinners at home—of whom I am chief'—

Then the clear tones broke and there was silence until Mrs. Rober lifted a quavering voice to sing, 'Blest be the tie that binds.'.

Dear Miss Lyddy—no sinner but one of God's saints. Though they say the two societies are not united, yet every lady who belongs to one is a member of the other, and when they meet on alternate weeks Mrs. Rober presides over the Home Missionary Society and Miss Lyddy over the foreign.

Out of Harmony.

(By Annie E. Preston.)

'There is one thing about which I have made up my mind,' said Mrs. Slocum, as she and her husband sat in the firelight while darkness was settling down over the sombre October Sunday, 'and that is, that I will have nothing whatever to do with the repairs on the church.'

'But you are the president of the Ladies' Society,' gently remonstrated Mr. Slocum, throwing another piece of wood on the fire.

'I can't help it if I am. I didn't want to be, but they insisted on voting me in after I had declined the honor. I am only a figurehead, and the assertion is proved by the fact that it was not my idea at all to begin to repair the church at this unseasonable time.'

'You must admit, my dear, that repairs are needed.'

'Perhaps so; but the horse-sheds need shingling, and there is a new chandelier wanted; and although I had more than any one else to do with the raising of the money, they go on and plan the spending without consulting me at all.'

'The last time the church was painted you—'

'Oh, don't throw that up at me!' interrupted the lady, so impatiently that her husband had to laugh, although he covered it with a discreet cough immediately. 'I do not forget that I was so foolish as to go up and express an opinon with others about the tint, and that jack-of-all-trades who was doing the work didn't know how to mix the colors, and the walls were as blue as the sky on a clear June day; and I have been blamed for it ever since.'

'I wouldn't get wrought up over it. There are some of our people who have always admired those blue walls and are honestly sorry to have them changed.'

'They cannot blame me for the change, that is certain.'

'There is the bell for prayer-meeting, are you not coming?'

'If I go, no doubt some one will speak about the church repairs, and I may reply in a way that I shall have to repent of later.'

'When you are inquired for shall I give that as your excuse?'

'How tiresome! I might as well go, but I don't feel one bit like it, not one bit.'

It took the lady so long to put on her bonnet and cape that the service had already begun when they entered the pretty vestry. The leader was reading the 90th Psalm, and took for his subject the twelfth verse: 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

'Our minds are so occupied with trivialities,' he said, 'that often we do not even think that there is such a quality or faculty as wisdom. There is no place for a wise thought to abide, If one seeks to enter it is crowded out. So our days go on and on without our numbering them, until weeks, months, and even years, pass, and we wonder where they have flown, and have nothing at all to show for the thoughts that have been running through our minds, unless it may be a lack of harmony with our surroundings that keeps us uneasy and perturbed.'

'That's me!' sighed Mrs. Slocum, who had been listening intently, despite the fact that the somewhat ancient organist had all the while been making eyes at the boys on the back seat.

'Yes, that means me. I am all out of harmony with my surroundings. I am really vexed with all the members of the Ladies' Society because they talked up this matter of repairs in my absence, and all the foolish goings on in the choir about drive me wild, and it seems as if nothing at all is going on as it should.'

By that time the meeting was declared open, and Mr. Slocum, who was often behindhand with his testimony, was, to his wife's surprise, the first to speak.

'Perhaps we grow out of harmony without being aware of it ourselves,' he said; 'and when we are a little off, of course we fancy that we are right and all the rest are wrong, and that there is nothing but discord from beginning to end. Now, let us all get upon the right key of brotherly love, and then the Lord's praises will rise until the very heavens will seem to bend to welcome them.'

'It is a beautiful thought,' Mrs, Slocum was saying to herself, 'and John spoke well, even if he was hitting me a little. I will try to get myself into tune enough so that I shall not say anything to regret if I am spoken to about the repairs after meeting is over.'

Of course the subject came up immediately as the ladies gathered about her, and she replied gently: 'I promise to be satisfied whatever is done, and I appreciate your kindness in taking the responsibility now that I am not quite well and am having so much to occupy my time just at present.'

'It is very lovely of you to say that,' put in one of the ladies, quickly. 'We wanted to do what was best, but you might have felt that we were not quite courteous in taking action at a meeting at which you were not present.'

Before Mrs. Slocum had time to reply they were all interested in what Mr. Slocum was saying to the leader, who was a visiting minister.

'There is one thing about this church,' he said: 'The members never really get out of harmony with each other, or, if they do, they get into tune again before anyone has time to remark upon it.'

'I am so glad I came,' said Mrs. Slocum, as, after having said something nice to everybody, even to the little frivolous organist, she took her husband's arm to go home, and her voice rose pleasantly above the rustle of the fallen leaves as they passed on down the street. 'That idea about harmony seemed to fit my case exactly. Just to think how much nerve, wear and tear it will save to let all the trivial disturbances go and to apply our hearts unto wisdom. I shall hereafter make it a subject of daily prayer that, whatever my surroundings, I may be able to keep in harmony with them, and thus, by avoiding friction, be able to make the most of circumstances.'

And her husband replied: 'Christ taught a gospel of peace, and perfect peace is perfect harmony.'—'Zion's Herald.'

Namakei.

(By Harriet C. Cooper.)

Not many years ago a misionary went to the little island of Aniwa, one of the New Hebrides. It was a cannibal island, where men loved the taste of human flesh, and made great feasts of their slain enemies. But because they wanted the white man's goods, they permitted the missionary to settle among them.

Digging to lay the foundation of his house, the good man found piles of human bones.

'How do these bones come here?' he asked, and they answered, quickly, 'Ah, we don't eat bones!'

The old chief, Namakei, said, afterwards: 'When Missi came, we saw his boxes; we knew he had blankets, calico, knives, fishhooks, axes and such things. We said, 'Don't drive him off, else we shall lose all these things. We will let him land, but we will force him to live on the 'Sacred Plot.' Our gods will kill him, and we will divide all that he has among the men of Aniwa.'

'But Missi built his house on our most sacred spot; he and his people lived there, and the gods did not strike. He planted bananas there, and we said, "Now, when they eat of these they will all drop dead," for our fathers told us that if any one ate fruit from that ground he would die. The bananas ripened; they did eat them; we watched for days, but no one died! Therefore, what our fathers said was not true, our gods cannot kill them. Their Jehovah God is stronger than the gods of Aniwa.'

Slowly, patiently the missionaries taught those wild savages, who constantly threatened their lives. 'Often,' said one of them, Mr. Paton, 'have I run into the arms of some savage when his club was swung, or his musket levelled at my head, and, praying to Jesus, so clung round the man that he could neither strike nor shoot me, till his wrath cooled down. Often have I seized the pointed barrel and direct it upwards.'

The first one who learned to trust and love Jesus was the old chief, Namakei. He came about the mission house, first from curiosity, possibly to steal, as they all did; but he gradually began to listen to words about the true God, to reason about him, and then his heart received him. He began at once to teach others, and so earnestly that he was a great help.

Th missionary had a small printing press, and attempted to print some chapters of the bible which he had translated into the language of Aniwa.

Namakei was greatly interested; came every day, saying, Missi, is it done? Can it speak? Does it speak my words? Make it speak to me, Missi.'

At last it was finished, and they read it to him. The old man shouted joyfully:

'It does speak! It does speak! Oh! give it to me!'

But he was sadly disappointed. After turning the book over and over he handed

it back, saying: 'Missi, it will never speak to me.'

'No,' said Mr. Paton, 'you have not learned to read. I will teach you.'

His eyes were dim with age, and they fitted him a pair of glasses. At first he was afraid to put them on, for fear an evil spirit dwelt in them; but, when, at last he did so, and saw the letters so plainly; he exclaimed:

'I see it all now; this is what you told us about Jesus. He opened the eyes of a blind man; he has sent me these glass eyes. O, Missi, make the book speak to me now!'

The missionary drew A, B, C, on the ground, showing him the same letters in the book, leaving him to compare them. Very soon he called out:

'I have lifted up A, B, C; they are here in my head; I will hold them fast; give me other three.'

Very soon he learned all the alphabet, and small words, and even the verses, which he committed to memory. All day he studied, often calling his people. 'Come,' he would say, 'I will let you hear how the book speaks our Aniwan words. You say it is hard to learn, but be strong and try. If an old man like me has done it, it ought to be much easier for you.'

As time passed he grew more attached to the missionaris. When a son was born to them, he claimed him as his heir, as the child grew he took great delight in walking with him among his people, and teaching him to speak their language.'—'Forward.'

Correspondence

This week we have some very interesting letters. We put first a letter from a little girl very much interested in missions. We should like to have more such letters, those who early in life take an interest in the whole world are not likely to grow up with selfish views and narrow minds.

The 'Messenger' aims to interest little folks in each other, the little folks in Africa, China, and India are just as real as the little folks of Canada. God loves the little colored children just as well as the white ones, and he wants us all to love each other all we can.

A Band of Hope boy tells how he went to a missionary meeting with his mother. He intends to study hard so that he may be able to write good temperance stories. 'Jean' has a splendid pet horse and a very intelligent dog. 'Stella' must find it very entertaining to hand letters out through the slide. Perhaps the cats would like a letter, too. 'Vera' and her mother seem to have spent a very pleasant summer on the very most southern point of Canada.

Dear Editor,—I am a little subscriber, and one of the many admirers of your popular paper; and, seeing your invitation for correspondence from little readers; I think I have more important work (in my mind) than studying the habits of pet animals. I will give you a short sketch of what has busied the little folk of my neighborhood during the past summer and fall.

We formed ourselves into a little Mission Band, each one promising to do all in their power to send the gospel of Jesus Christ to the little heathen children, who have never heard that Jesus died to save them from their sins. We each took a mite-box into which a Christian lady (who was our leader) put three cents as talents for us to improve. We have fourteen members, and our mite-boxes, when opened, contained from twenty-five cents to three dollars. On Christmas Eve we held a public entertainment in which all our members took part; we had singing, recitations, dialogues and readings on missionary subjects. After spending a very profitable evening there was a collection taken up, which, with the contents of our mission-boxes, amounted to nearly twenty dollars. All the children did very well at the entertainment, but one little girl five years old, is worthy of special mention; she recited 'A little missionary,' in a manner that would have done a big girl credit, she is our 'band-baby.' I would like to hear from some of your readers, who are Mission Banders. They might tell how they make money for the cause. Thanking you for space I remain yours truly,

'MISSION GIRL.'

Marsville, Jan. 1,

Dear Editor,—You asked the little folk to write you a letter, so I thought I would try. My age is thirteen, I live in the township of Garafraxa. My post-office is Marsville. I like your paper very much, especially the boys' and girls' page and temperance stories. I am a Band of Hope boy, and will do all I can against liquor. This week the men voted here for a repeal of local option, I do not know how it went, but I think if the boys had been voting they would have carried the day against liquor.

I go to school every day, am in the senior third class. I do not care very much about it, but my pa is very anxious that I should have a good education, so I am going to try hard, for I think what he says is so, and I think when I can I will write temperance stories.

You told us to tell you about our pet animals. I have a cat, I like it very much. It comes to meet me when I am coming from school, and it will stand on its hind legs and box at me with the two fore paws; but sometimes it gets cross and scratches me.

I must tell you about a missionary meeting I was at this fall with Ma, it was a ladies' foreign missionary thank-offering meeting. There were about fifty ladies present. Our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Elliot, and I went visiting while they were doing their business; and when we came back, and took tea with the ladies, we had a good time, and the thank-offering was good. I had a good time at Christmas. We went to grandma's up in Mulmur. We took the train from Orangeville to Shelburne. I like riding on the train. We stayed a week.

J. M. K. O.

Spencerville, Jan. 7, 1898.

Dear Editor,—They take the 'Northern Messenger' at the Presbyterian Sabbath-school here, and, as I am a scholar, I receive a copy every week and enjoy reading it very much.

I live on a farm about a mile and a half from Spencerville.

My father keeps a number of horses and cows. We have one horse of which we all think a great deal. She is a great pet, she will let me harness her, and will eat sugar from my hand. She is a glossy black in color, with a white star in her forehead and her name is Nellie.

We have a shaggy old dog whose name is Collie. When I am at home he follows me nearly every place I go. He is a very wise old dog, as you will see for yourself in the following story.

One day my sister and I went for a drive with a friend who lives about a half a mile from our place. Collie knew my friend very well and thinking we had gone to her place he went and searched through her house to find us. As his efforts were in vain he returned home, and waited patiently for us to come.

We have a bird which is very tame. When you let it out it will hop onto your shoulders or head.

Well, I think I have told you all about our pets. I go to school every day. I am in the senior fourth class, and expect to try the entrance examination next summer. I will close now. Wishing you a prosperous New Year, I remain your grateful reader,

JEAN.

Jan, 8, 1898.

Dear Editor, — As my grandfather takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I always read it, I thought I would write a few lines. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I live in Amherst Shore, near the Bay of Verte, In summer I pick shells, dig clams, bathe, and play on the shore. It is only a short distance to the other side, which is Cape Tormentine, in New Brunswick. Some fine days I can see three, or part of three provinces from here, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

I coast, snowball, and try to skate a little in the winter time. When the Bay is frozen people go across to the other side. I was thirteen years old last September. I like to go to school. Our school is about a mile away. I am in the seventh grade, I have a doll and two black cats. We keep the post-office in this place. There is a slide through which we hand mail. The cats get up and knock at the slide to get in. My favorite national songs are 'Hurrah for Canada,' 'God save the Queen,' 'My own Canadian Home,' and 'Before all lands.' My favorite stories in the 'Northern Messenger' are on the little folks' page.

Wishing the 'Northern Messenger' a happy and prosperous new year, I am yours truly,

STELLA.

Lemington, Jan. 11, 1898.

Dear Editor,—I will tell you about mamma's summer, and mine, at Point Pelee. It is the point of land farthest south in Canada. This point runs out into Lake Erie. I and my friend Tinnie used to go bathing very often. Mamma and I lived very close to the beach, it was a very wide beach, and we used to go gathering stones very often. We found some very queer ones, too. Mamma found a medium-sized stone with a heart in it, and a cross in the middle of the heart, the cross was quite plain. This stone was lying right at her feet. After we found the cross we were always looking for the crown. Mamma found a stone she thought would answer, it looked like a little bonnet. There is a light-house out in the water. My mamma and my brother Alphie went out in a small boat to see the light-house, and had dinner there. I missed that trip; but I went with mamma to see the fishermen lift their nets. It was very pretty to see the fish, but I felt sorry for them. I went to the end of the point one day. Oh, it was pretty to see the waves come up and meet each other, then they would get cross and splash their foam at each other, and sometimes it would look as if they were only playing. But the queer part is that when it is calm on one side it is always rough on the other. There were some very queer little animals at this point. Alphie caught some chip-munks. It was very funny to see them wash their funny little faces with their paws. The other chip-munks that were running wild would chatter as if they wished me to bring back their playmates that were in the cage. But one day the chip-munks did get out, and we did not see them again. I must close, wishing you a happy New Year. Your friend, nine years old,

VERA.

The Boy Who Would See the World.

('Sunday Reading for the Young.')

(Concluded.)

Willie hardly stopped running now until he reached the home he had so recently turned his back upon, and which he was almost afraid and ashamed to enter. He sat down for a while under the honeysuckled porch, and fairly wept, for he knew that he must have given pain to those within. He dared not seek admittance, although he saw a light burning in the sitting-room.

At length his heart was smitten by hearing his mother's sobs in the stillness of the night. He felt that it was himself that had caused that anguish. Then he heard his father's voice trying to comfort and console her.

What should he do? While he was pondering this question his sister Mary again came to the top of the doorsteps, to look up and down the darkened road for her little brother, who had now been so long from home, when, to her great delight, she saw Willie, with his head buried in his hands, at the bottom of the steps.

She flew down to him and embraced him, and asked him a thousand questions in one breath, and told him the sufferings his folly had caused them. Then she cried out in delight, 'Willie has come home again, mother.'

The latter almost swooned with joy at the good tidings, and father and mother were soon on the steps to welcome the little hero—no, little coward, for to gratify himself he had given pain to his sister and parents.

Mother kissed her truant boy over and over again; but the father checked her in such indulgence, and when Mrs. Lunis and Mary left the room he took his mad-brained boy in hand and gave him, not a flogging, but a lecture on his ungrateful conduct concluding with, 'You have nearly been the death of your mother!'

'Speak, sir! are you not ashamed of your folly?'

Willie hung his head, he looked quite a comic picture, to see him in this tearful attitude, with a dagger by his side. Indeed, when his father thought of his son in association with his ambition to be a lion-hunter, he could scarcely help smiling; and after Willie had swallowed his pride, he begged forgiveness for the misery he had caused his family. He was dismissed to bed, and all night he was dreaming of the farmer's dog, Brindle, and the horrid bat.

But what he feared the most was yet to come—the jeers and laughter of his playmates and schoolfellows,

'MARY SAW HER BROTHER, WITH HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS.'

and for some time after he was known by a variety of names, as 'William the Bold,' 'Silly Billy,' and other nicknames.

But poor Willie would never admit that it was his bravery that was at fault, but that he had returned home because he could not get money to buy gun, pistol and sword. His loving sister warned him against lying, and to acknowledge the truth, no matter how he suffered for it.

'Your bravery was but an idle dream, Willie,' she said, 'and you have found it so. To read about the animals of the forest, and travellers who have been attacked by them is very pleasant; but to face them and do combat with them, is not so agreeable, especially for a little boy who returned home crying because a harmless bat was flying over him. You know you have seen enough of the world to prefer the comforts of home; and why not say so, so that your experience may be a warning to other silly boys?'

This was said one evening after he had been telling his adventures with the great snake in the plantation—he called it a forest—and the courageous manner in which he dealt with it, not that he took to his heels and ran away from it. Then, again, he described to her that he had seen a flying monster, with wings big enough to cover the whole of the sky, and that he stood

looking at it, wishing for a gun to shoot it. But Mary, who knew more of natural history than her conceited brother, from his description of the 'flying monster,' said it was only a bat, and as harmless as a mouse.'

'Stuff, Mary! do you think I shouldn't know a bit of a bat when I saw it? I tell you it had wings large enough to cover the village; and it stared at me with eyes as big as saucers.'

'Oh, what nonsense, Willie! It was a bat, with a pretty little head like a mouse; and if mother will allow me, I will take you out to-night to the old church, where they are sometimes to be seen. And now we will get father's natural history and read all about them.'

'What's reading!—seeing is better than reading. So what I saw couldn't have been a bat; it was a flying monster. I suppose I can believe my own eyes!'

'Not always,' replied Mary, wisely. 'You were afraid, and in your fear your eyes magnified the size of the creature. Now that is the truth, and you know it. Conquer your pride, it will be a braver conquest than overcoming lions, or "flying monsters," as you call the harmless bat.'

The boy was mute, and his silence showed that his sister's words had sunk into his heart. Mary saw the conflict going on within, and tenderly encouraged him to say that he had been a foolish little boy, and that he had seen enough of the world, and what he had seen he didn't like.

Mary never again, out of sympathy for her brother's feelings, referred to the subject; nor did he, but contented himself with dreaming of lion-hunting, and satisfied his bravery by chasing butterflies —which he couldn't catch.—John Bennett, in 'Sunday Readings.'

The Wounded Lip.

The following story is taken from the 'Juvenile Instructor':

'I do not see what I have to do with missions at all!' cried curly-headed Robin, in answer to his sister Annie's gentle request that he would put just one penny into her missionary box. 'I can see the good of building our church here —I gave my new sixpence for that; or feeding hungry little children— we gave up buying sweetmeats last Christmas that they might have soup. But what do I care for work at the other end of the world, amongst black people whom I never shall see in my life?'

Poor Annie left the room with a sigh. Mrs. Mason had heard the conversation between her two children.

'Do you know, my son, that all God's people form one body, though some are in India, some in China, some *further off still*? No part of the Lord's Church can say to another: 'I have nothing to do with thee; I care not what happens to thee."'

'I don't understand,' said the child.

Not many minutes after, Robin came back to his mother, a handkerchief pressed to his bleeding lip, and tears in his eyes.

'Mamma, my foot slipped—I fell on the gravel—I have hurt my lip!' he exclaimed.

Mrs. Mason examined the hurt and was glad to find that it was not severe, but there was gravel on the wounded lip. 'I must wash and bind it,' she said. 'Run to the kitchen, my darling, ask for a little basin of warm water, bring it to me, and we will, I hope, soon put matters to rights.'

Robin came back, carefully carrying the basin, which was full and and rather heavy. Carefully and tenderly the mother bathed her boy's lip.

'Now,' said she, while binding it up, does not my Robin see how various parts of his body united in helping the one part that needed help?'

'I don't just see it,' said the child.

'The feet never thought, how far we are from the lip, almost as far as can possibly be. Right foot and left foot, off they trotted to get the warm water. The ears had heard what I wished you to do, and quick as lightning had given their message to the brain. The tongue, like a kind, near neighbor, did its part. The eyes—'

'Oh, the eyes did nothing at all!' cried Robin, laughing at his mother's amusing simile; he had quite forgotten his pain.

What! did they not guide you to and from the kitchen? If they had ill-naturedly kept shut, you might have had a worse fall than on the gravel. The fingers—yes, even the little one—helped to carry the basin of water.'

'It is a good-natured body,' said Robin; 'every part so ready to help the poor lip.'

'Now, my boy, do you see my meaning?' said the mother, with a smile. 'The missionaries who speak to the heathen, are like the lip in the body, and they are sometimes in great trouble, and need our help and our prayers. The ears are those who listen to the story of the wants of the heathen, and great societies are like the brain, to arrange how to send to them the bible, and men and women to explain it. We who try to give and to collect may be compared to parts of the feet and the hands.'

'I must tell you something more about the body' said Mrs. Mason, 'to show you how like it is to the church. There is always a life-giving stream of blood flowing through it from the heart to the head, and from the head to the feet, as it were, joining the most distant parts together.'

'I feel it beating at my wrist,' said Robin. 'What is like the life-giving blood?' Is it not love to the Saviour?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Mason, 'and where that holy love joins the members of the church together, how is it possible for a Christian to say, "I have nothing to do with missions?"

The Upshot of a Quarrel.

A dish of milk was on the floor;
Puss wanted some, and so did Dash;
'Twas big enough for many more
To lap out of without a splash;
But she was rude, and he was ruder—
Neither would let the other taste it;
Each thought the other an intruder,
And did the most to spill and waste it.

If Dash one moment ventured nigh
Puss would that moment spit and fly;
If Puss the dish next minute sought,
Dash the next minute raged and fought;
At length — with sorrow be it spoken—
Between them both the dish was broken.

Brothers and sisters, all take warning;
This lesson must not meet your scorning.
Never let selfish trifles lead
To loud dispute and spiteful deed;
Yield to each other, and be sure
Your happiness is more secure.
—'Good Cheer.'

Queen Victoria on Temperance

It will be seen from the following correspondence that Her Majesty took an interest in the temperance movement at a very early period of her long and happy reign.

Mr. C. E. Delevan, one of the foremost temperance men in the United States (who died in 1871), sent four volumes of temperance tales, written by L. M. Sargent, Esq., richly bound, to Queen Victoria, through her consul at New York, with the following letter:—

'Ballston Centre, Saratoga County,
'State of New York, October 22, 1837.
'To Her Most Gracious Majesty,
'The Queen of England.

'Permit me to ask your Majesty's acceptance of the small volumes accompanying this. The tales contained in them are founded on facts. Their extensive circulation in this country has, with the blessing of God, been the means of turning very many from the destructive paths of intemperance; and prevented thousands of others from entering upon the downward course, by inducing them to abstain entirely from all those drinks which produce intoxication. The great discovery has been made by hundreds of thousands in this, and in other lands, that all liquors containing alcohol are never useful, but always injurious to persons in health. Time and fashion have long upheld the common use of intoxicating drinks; but this cannot render such use right or expedient, seeing the immense amount of crime and wretchedness that has, in all ages, and in all places followed as the legitimate effect of such use. It is our belief that at least one million of our adult population in America have already abandoned the common use of such drinks from this entire conviction, of their always injurious and never useful effect. For nine years I have been a very attentive observer of the uniform effect of the use of intoxicating drinks, and have watched the temperance reformation with the most intense interest; have collected much testimony from every quarter; but I have never seen or heard of an individual, who had for any length of time totally abstained from the use of all such drinks, whose testimony was not fully in favor of this new principle. It is now universally admitted in this country that no other principle possesses any power to reform the poor drunkard; it is also established, beyond all question, that the intoxicating principle of alcohol is the product, not of distillation, but of fermentation.

'In this country it has been found that the example of those in exalted stations is all powerful in carrying forward this great enterprise. It is in the power of a few in any country to eradicate a pernicious custom, no matter how popular, or of how long standing. Can those who occupy high positions expect that those below them will be much reformed or benefited by their precepts while their example teaches a different lesson?

'I resided seven years in England. I was then convinced, and I now feel assured, that could the entire population of Great Britain be induced to abandon the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage, and thus prevent the productions of her soil from destruction, and worse than destruction, by the brewer and distiller, and save them for food—poverty and crime would almost cease; emigration would not take place, as a matter of necessity; universal prosperity, in every branch of industry, would prevail; and the country, in all its interests, assume an appearance of youthful vigor and beauty.

'May I beg your Majesty to read these little volumes? I almost venture to promise that the perusal of the first story (which has already passed through over one hundred editions) will create an interest in the heart of your Majesty for those that follow.

'Our fervent prayer is that England, the land of our fathers, may experience her full share of the benefit of this great reformation; and that the hearts of its advocates may be cheered and their hands strengthened by the noble example of her young and beloved Queen giving it her approbation and support. If, as I fear, my zeal for this cause has made me trespass too far, and I have taken too great a liberty, I will trust to your Majesty to pardon my presumption, and think only of my motive.

'May a kind providence ever watch over your Majesty, and enable you to view this important subject aright; and may your life be spared to be a rich blessing to your own people and the whole world, shall ever be the prayer of — Your Majesty's most obedient, humble servant,

'EDWARD C. DELEVAN.'

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ANSWER.

'St. James Palace, Jan. 8, 1838.

'Sir,—I have had the honor to submit your letter to Her Majesty, and have sincere pleasure in being able to inform you that the Queen has been very graciously pleased to acquiesce in the request therein expressed, and to accept of the four small volumes of temperance tales which accompanied it. Her Majesty was pleased at the same time to command me to convey to you the expression of her entire satisfaction at this mark of your attention. The subject, indeed, could not fail to create great interest. The efforts which are now making both in America and this country for the suppression of the besetting sin of intemperance cannot but meet with Her Majesty's approbation; and I think it will be gratifying for you to know that those passages of your letter which relate to your residence in England, and the effects likely to be produced here by an abandonment of this pernicious vice, are fully appreciated, and more particularly that passage which assures Her Majesty that 'your fervent prayer is that England, the land of our fathers, may experience her full share of this great reformation."—I have the honor, sir, to be your most obedient servant,

'J. H. GLOVER,
'Her Majesty's Librarian.
'To Edward C. Delevan, Ballston Centre,
'Saratoga County, State of New York.'
—'Temperance Record.'

Two Boys.

(By Ernest Gilmore.)

They went to school together, and played together, these two boys, David Street, and Percy Hale. They were healthy, hearty little lads, with sunny faces and kind hearts. But their circumstances in life differed widely. Percy's father was a well-to-do farmer, and his home was a delightful one. David lived with his widowed mother in a little cabin, which had few comforts and no luxuries. Mrs. Street worked very hard to get enough to make the wheel go round, but she did not complain.

'When my laddie grows up,' she said, cheerily, 'he'll work for me.'

'Let me work for you now, mamma,' he begged. 'I'm a big boy, ten years old,' stretching himself up to his greatest height.

His mother laughed, and then said soberly:

'You must get an education first, my boy, after which you can do better work.'

'What kind of work can I do, mamma?' he asked, eagerly.

'Time will tell.'

'I wish I was a man now,' he said; 'I'd earn a lot of money, and then I'd buy a house for you, mamma—for you and me. I'd like one like Percy's. Oh, wouldn't it be jolly, mamma?'

Mrs. Street smiled in the eager little face, then she sighed.

Days, weeks, months, and years passed on. David went to school regularly. He made steady progress. Out of school he helped his mother in various ways, and often found time to play with Percy Hale.

David had only one objection to going to the Hales', viz.: there was always a cider barrel on tap. It began in the early fall when the cider was sweet, and kept on right through the year.

David was urged to 'help himself,' but he never did.

'I have signed the pledge,' he said.

'But this is sweet cider,' Percy explained.

'Cider doesn't keep sweet,' asserted David; 'anyway water's good enough for me.'

So when he was thirsty he quenched his thirst at the old well, and when Percy wanted a drink he visited the cider barrel. The more of a 'twang' there was to the cider the better he liked it.

* * * * * * *

Twenty years have passed since you first met the two boys, so, of course, you would not recognize the men of thirty. Percy Hale's father and mother were dead, and Percy lived alone with a faithful old housekeeper. The once pretty and well-kept home was much in need of repair, so was the master of the house.

One fair June day, when the sweet June roses were all abloom in the front yard, the old home went under the hammer and Percy was cast adrift. He was already so bound with the chain of intemperance that he looked like a man of fifty.

The same day in a house sixty miles distant, David Street, C. E., stood with his arms about his mother. All about them were 'green things growing,' and the scent of roses. They were sitting on the verandah of a beautiful Queen Anne cottage, which was a gem in every way.

'It seems like a dream, David,' Mrs. Street said, smiling through tears of joy, 'I cannot realize that this beautiful home is really ours. That you, my blessed boy, have earned it.'

'If it hadn't been for you, mother, I couldn't have done it. It was that pledge, mother; that and God's hand, kept me true to my purpose.'—'Temperance Banner.'

If there were no temperate drinking, there would be none that is intemperate. Men do not generally begin by what is usually called immoderate indulgence, but that which they regard as moderate. Let it be remembered, then, that what is usually styled temperate drinking stands as the condition precedent to that which is intemperate. Discontinue one, and the other becomes impossible. And what is the cause of moderate drinking? Is it the force of natural appetite? Rarely. Nine tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths, of those who use alcoholic stimulants, do it, in the first instance, and often for a long time, not from appetite, but from deference to custom or fashion. They 'look' on the wine. — Bishop Potter.

LESSON VI.—FEB. 6.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

Matt. vi., 24-34. Memory verses, 25, 26. Read vi., 19 to vii., 29.

Golden Text.

'He careth for you.'—I. Pet v., 7.

Daily Readings.

M. Matt. vi., 24-34.—Our Father's care.
T. Luke xii., 22-32.—Our Father knows our needs.
W. I. Pet. v., 1-14.—'Casting all your care upon him.'
Th. Matt. vii., 1-14.—'Every one that asketh receiveth.'
F. Matt. vii., 15-29.—End of the Sermon on the Mount.
S. Acts xvii., 22-34.—'We are the offspring of God.'
S. Ps. civ., 1-35.—The wonderful providence of our Father.

Lesson Story.

The treasure of the heart is that which is held as the greatest value in life. Whether it be wealth, fame, love, character, appearance, dress, or whatever it be, each heart has a deep longing for possessions of some kind. Mammon stands for the earthly longings and fleshly desires common to man. To love these is to despise God and his commandments. (Deut., x., 12-21.) To love God truly is to hate all evil. (Eph. iv., 21-24: Col. iii.) Mammon, the God of this world, can give us only those corruptible treasures which even if we manage to keep through a lifetime, we certainly cannot take with us into eternity. The very streets of the New Jerusalem are made of gold, therefore our gold and earthly treasures would be of no more value there than so much dust. Serving Mammon brings unsatisfying pleasure at best in this world, and an eternity of shame and remorse. (Dan. xii., 2.) Serving God brings contentment and everlasting peace. (Isa. xxvi., 3.) Those who serve God are laying up for themselves rich treasure in heaven, a reward to be enjoyed through all eternity. (II. Tim. iv., 8: I. Pet. i., 4: v., 4.)

Those who serve God with all their heart, with all their mind and with all their strength, need have no anxious care about their support. The Father who gave them life can surely provide the necessary sustenance of that life. (Psa. xxxvii., 25.) The Creator of that matchless piece of mechanism, the human body, will certainly not leave it unprotected. (Gen. iii., 21.) The Lord who provides food even for the little birds can not neglect his own children. Worrying is no help to us in any way, no amount of worrying over our size could make us grow even an inch after we had reached our full height. Worrying and anxiety cannot help us in our temporary affairs, much less in our spiritual life.

The God who makes the beauty of the lilies and the grass, no two blades of which are exactly alike, the God who orders all the incomparable beauty of the earth, the sky and the waters, the God who cares so minutely for his whole universe — is he not able to clothe his own children?

The heathen know nothing of the bountiful Father in heaven, therefore it is natural for them to worry over their daily needs. But children of the King should be about their Father's business, seeking in every way to promote the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and the loving heavenly Father will daily provide his trusting children with all needful things. (Phil. iv., 19.)

Lesson Hymn.

Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
—Bishop of Exeter.

Lesson Hints.

'No man can serve two masters' — serve here means to serve wholly and constantly. The word in the original means to be a slave, the same word is found in Paul's writings.—(Rom. vi., 6: xii., 11: xiv., 18.)

'Mammon'—everything that the world calls gain. Mammon commonly stands for the love of money and greed of gain. (I. Tim., vi., 9, 10.) But any ambitions or desires which constantly fill our hearts to the exclusion of God must be counted evil. If we love evil we hate the holiness and purity of God, because they condemn us, therefore each cherished idol makes us hate God though we may not acknowledge it even to our own hearts.

'Take no thought'—the word means in the original 'to be over-anxious' or full of care. It might fairly be translated 'do not worry.' Worry drives away the peace of God, if we allow it in our hearts.

'Fowls of the air'—the birds take the food God provides for them daily, they do not worry over the future nor lay up store for the days which may never come to them.

'Your heavenly Father'—a Father so careful of even the smallest of his creatures can not forget his own child.

'Taking thought'—anxious care, worry.

'Cubit'—about eighteen inches.

'Consider'—in the original this means 'to learn thoroughly' to meditate upon and to understand. 'The lilies'—the wild lilies of Palestine were famous for their abundance and gorgeous coloring. 'How they grow'—they are doing their whole duty. God put them there to grow in beauty and to draw men's thoughts to the beauty of holiness. God puts us here to grow in his likeness and thus draw all men's thoughts to the glorious beauty of Christ.

'Even Solomon' — King Solomon was the Jewish ideal of gorgeous grandeur. The finest and most perfect cloth manufactured looks coarse and rough under a microscope. But the texture of a petal of the commonest flower is so perfect that a microscope only brings to view fresh beauties, and shows the perfection of the handiwork of God.

'Grass'—herbs. The wild flowers grew thick in the fields, and were cut with the grass, for fuel. Dried grass was frequently used for heating the clay ovens, in which cakes were baked.

'Gentiles'—the heathen who did not know God as the Jews did,

'Seek ye first the kingdom of God'—God will supply all our needs if we give our lives to his service.

Primary Lesson.

Little children can easily understand the loving care of our heavenly Father. Most of you have kind parents who provide for you a nice comfortable home, plenty of food, and proper clothing. You would never think of sitting down to cry and fret for fear you should not get any thing to eat the next day. If you are loving and obedient you trust your parents to take care of you, you would never think of doubting them.

Perhaps sometime when you were naughty you were sent to bed without any supper, that was not because mother did not love you, but because she had to punish you so that you would not be naughty again. Sometimes God has to punish people by making them very poor so that they cannot buy enough food or warm clothes. It is because they have disobeyed God in some way. But sometimes very good people are poor, Jesus was very poor on earth. Yes, Jesus chose poverty, but he always obeyed and trusted his Father, and his Father always provided his daily bread.

God loves us more tenderly than the kindest earthly parent could. If we obey and love him best of all he will never let us lack any good thing that we need.

Suggested Hymns.

'God, who hath made the daisies,' 'Praise the Saviour,' 'There is no love like the love of Jesus,' 'Jesus knows thy sorrow,' 'Day by day the manna fell,' 'O worship the Lord.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

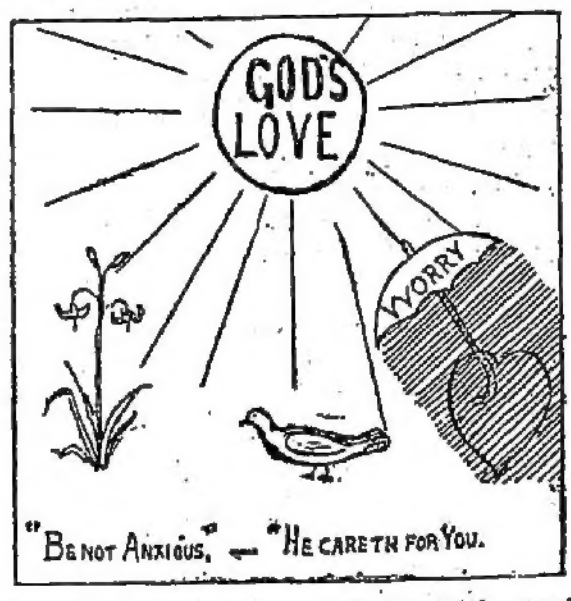
Feb. 6.—Matt. vi., 24-34.

The double-minded servant actually serves one master and that is not Christ. Verse 34. Worrying about temporal things shows lack of faith. How encouraging the lesson from the birds. Verses 25, 26. Fine feathers do not always make fine birds. Those whom the Lord clothes wear garments that will never become faded or ragged or old. Verses 27-30. Food and clothing are the Lord's gifts to his people. Why should we worry, as in verse 31, since it is written in Romans viii., 32. Our perplexity about our needs should be dissolved by the sweet assurance that our Father knoweth all. Verse 32. God's estimate of values is always correct. Therefore should we give his kingdom the uppermost seat in our heart. Verse 33. Worrying about the future is sinful, because the Lord forbids it. One day's burden is enough to carry, and our Father will either lighten the load or increase our strength. Verse 34.

The Lesson Illustrated.

The lesson Jesus had to teach in his life and so often over again to-day is that God, our Father loves us and cares for us, and wants to fill our lives with his fulness. That the hindrances are all on our side, none on his. That our shutting him out is his greatest grief and our greatest loss.

So we have the sun, representing God's love, shining on all, desiring to warm and help all, and in our lesson, the lilies of the



grass, not garden flowers; but so little cared for as to be used for fuel, yet he cares for them. The fowls of the air, valueless to us; but he provides for them, while only we cannot trust him; and we, in the midst of his sunshine, keep our heart's in perpetual shadow with our great big man-made and woman-made umbrellas, big black and ugly, of worry and fret. He won't forget. He will provide. Let us do his will, cast worry to the winds, and live in the sunshine.

Prizes.

The prizes offered in this competition were teachers' bibles, complete with maps, concordance, etc. As there are a few who have faithfully sent in answers each month, not always sufficiently correct to count for the prize, we have decided to give to each of these Recognition Prizes. This prize consists of a year's subscription to the 'Northern Messenger.'

The first prize is awarded to Miss Emma Moore, whose papers have always been a pleasure to examine on account of their neat writing and clear expression. Louis G. Hamilton, and J. E. Gray, receive equal prizes. Two little girls, Violet Haley Goodwin and Leila Duffin deserve special mention for their good papers, but they have not sent in their answers sufficiently regularly to count for the prize.

FIRST PRIZE.

Miss Emma Moore, 27 Richmond street, St. John, N.B.

SECOND PRIZE.

James E. Gray, Uxbridge, Ont.

Louis Gayton Hamilton, Carleton, Nova Scotia.

RECOGNITION PRIZES.

Etta M. Rogers, Cora May Sider, Mary Lydia Crisp, Kate H. Moorehead, Helen Bentham, Helen de Witt Laurence, Annie Sharpe, Jennie Ross, Elizabeth Ann Craig, Ella C. Anderson.

Will these competitors kindly write at once to say whether they wish their prize addressed to their own subscription or sent to the address of a friend. Write the name and address very plainly.

SEARCH QUESTIONS HONOR ROLL.

Emma Moore, Louis G. Hamilton, Grace D. Allan, Jennie Ross, Lizzie Brown, Kate H. Moorehead, Etta M. Rogers, J. E. Gray, Maude Peach.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Mary Lydia Crisp, Helen Bentham, Helen de Witt Laurence, Cora May Sider, E. Elizabeth Ann Craig, Annie Sharpe,

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Feb. 6.—The Christian's confidence. — II. Sam. xxii., 1-4, 29-37: I. Pet. i., 3-9.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Welcome Summer Guest

(By Annie M. Toohey.)

The usually welcome summer guest is not such a numerous personality as may be imagined. The chief requisites for becoming a desirable summer guest are a bona fide invitation, necessary changes of both useful and ornamental clothing—as every hostess likes her guests to appear well — requisite toilet articles, stationery, and sufficient spending money to defray incidental car fare, laundry, or other needs for money. The would-be welcome guest must also remember that no matter what his or her idle mode of living at home, or command of servants, they are not justified in expecting any unreasonable attention or service in another's household. A guest should be especially careful to preserve good temper and patience, and to always reasonably submit to the wishes of the hostess. Promptness at meals and avoidance of creating litter about sleeping apartments, sitting-rooms and piazzas are additional requirements in a guest. But, perhaps, of all things is a general obliviousness of self in consideration of the feelings and comfort of those upon whom devolve the duty of entertainment.—'Christian Work.'

Savory Economy.

Frances B. Merrill, in an article entitled 'Housekeeping near Paris,' makes special note of the admirable economy of the French housewife, who never fails to set forth a savory repast. She writes: 'Absolutely nothing is wasted. Nothing is allowed to look 'messy,' or become spoiled. Scraps are made into a strong, rich beef-tea or bouillon, always on hand and for sale at six cents a quart. Ragged, or left-over pieces of meat are boiled in strongly seasoned water, and many a frugal meal is helped out by a pound of this beef at eight cents and a cent's worth of grated horse-radish, pickles or mustard.

Over the fire or on the side next its heart, there is always the never-failing soup kettle; a wholesome custom; an economical one, and one which every American woman who discovers it clings to faithfully. A bowl of soup to a hungry child, or to a beggar, a cupful when the mother herself is tired and has a hysterical lump in her throat, that is good sense. When a French housekeeper makes her clear bouillon, it is a matter of rule, but into the everyday soup kettle goes every scrap of food in perfect condition and unsweetened. A crust of bread, a slice of apple, a bit of cauliflower, a shred of cabbage, a piece of bacon, a couple of chicken wings, one follows the other; day in and day out, until by some unlucky chance it runs dry, or discretion suggests a new start.—N. Y. 'Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

Onions as a nerve tonic. — A well-known medical authority on nervous diseases says: 'Onions make a nerve tonic not to be despised. No other vegetable will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system, and they should be eaten freely, particularly by brain workers, and those suffering from blood and nervous diseases.' The strong flavor of onions that is so objectionable to many, is removed, if they are soaked for a short time in warm salt water, before being cooked. It is claimed that if, after eating uncooked onions, one eats a sprig of parsley dipped in strong vinegar, no unpleasant telltale odor will annoy.

A fish pie.—For an emergency hot dish for breakfast or luncheon, mince the fish, either fresh or salt, into a soft paste with white gravy, and fill a deep plate with it. White gravy is made by a slightly thickened combination of two-thirds water, one-third milk, well boiled together, then seasoned with salt, pepper and celery. The cornstarch or flour is first mixed smoothly in cold water before being added to the boiling liquid, otherwise it will be lumpy. The crust is of mashed potatoes, mixed with milk, seasoned with salt and butter. Dent prettily with the point of a table spoon all over its surface, set in the oven until colored a pretty brown.—N.Y. 'Observer.'

MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

SPECIAL OFFER TO WORKERS.

Send two new or two renewal subscriptions along with your own subscription with 90 cts. and secure a handsome pair of pictures, 'Cluck, Cluck,' and 'Take Care,' each 13 x 8, both by A. F. Tait, illustrating the care and anxiety of 'Biddy' and her brood of chickens, or choice of either for a new subscriber and renewal, with 60c.

'School In,' 15 x 18, by J. H. Dolph, representing pussy instructing her family of five—a pretty and amusing picture, can be had for three subscribers at 30c each, or choice of one of the three following pictures:

'Day's Work Done,' 19 x 18, an exquisite rural sunset scene.

'Roses,' 20½ x 13½, a cluster of pink and white of this favorite flower, by George C. Lambden.

'I'm a Daisy,' (a prize baby), 16½ x 13, by Miss Ida Waugh, a picture of a beautiful blue-eyed babe.

MOODY BOOKS—PAPER COVER.

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